

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

APRIL, 1884.

SPIRITUAL VISION.

BY A. M. HOWITT WATTS.

“IT is not less absurd to require of God, who is a most pure Spirit, to manifest His will to men by the outward senses, than to require us to *see sounds* and to *hear light and colours*; for as the objects of the outward senses are not to be confounded, but every object is to have its proper sense, so must one judge of inward and spiritual objects which have their proper sense, whereby they are perceived.”

These very pertinent remarks of the illustrious Quaker, Robert Barclay, the author of the celebrated “Apology,” it may be well for all investigators in the matter of dream and vision to bear in mind. Barclay contends that the soul of man is possessed of its own peculiar senses, as distinct from the external senses of the body as the bodily senses are themselves distinct from each other.

The theory of the existence within the natural body of man of a spiritual body possessed of spiritual senses is propounded by Swedenborg, and not alone accepted by his followers, but also believed to have been proved as existent by the experience of numerous “sensitives.” The existence of this “spiritual body,” dwelling within the physical, possessed of a spiritual eye, of a spiritual ear, of a spiritual sense of taste, smell, and touch, once accepted as a fact, or possible fact, the phenomenon, glibly dismissed from consideration under the term “subjective” by the world of physical scientists, assumes at once a highly important aspect.

It is with reference to the power of vision possessed by the spiritual eye that we propose now to endeavour to interest the reader. It has not, however, escaped the observation of one great man of science.

In an article published in the *Spiritual Magazine*, April 1, 1861, under the heading of

SENSORIAL VISION AND VISION THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL EYE, attention was drawn by the writer to the circumstance that in September, 1858, Sir J. F. W. Herschel delivered before the Philosophical and Literary Society at Leeds, a lecture upon what he termed "Sensorial vision." Perusing this interesting lecture, a person acquainted with the remarkable phenomena of interior or spirit vision, recognises with pleasure that one of the earliest links in the chain has been noticed by so high a scientific authority as Sir John Herschel. Although unaware of the spiritual origin of the phenomena, and possibly inclined to ignore the possibility of such origin, Sir John having himself experienced certain puzzling instances of what he designated "sensorial vision," sets about in a calm philosophic spirit to investigate them, and arrives so far upon his road towards truth, as to satisfy himself that these remarkable "involuntary productions of visual impression" are highly worthy of observation, and belong rather to the realm of "psychology" than to that of "physiology."

We will give Sir John's remarks and experiences in his own words. Having cursorily referred to the phenomenon of "ocular spectra," produced by strong light on the retina, the observation of which first directed Sir John's attention to the other class of phenomena, which he terms "sensorial vision," he says:—

"I fancy it is no very uncommon thing for persons in the dark and with their eyes closed to see, or seem to see, faces or landscapes. I believe I am as little visionary as most people, but the former case very frequently happens to myself. The faces present themselves involuntarily, are always shadowy and indistinct in outline—for the most part unpleasing, though not hideous, expressive of no violent emotions, and succeeding one another at short intervals of time, as if melting into each other. Sometimes ten or a dozen appear in succession, and have always, on each separate occasion, something of a general resemblance of expression or some peculiarity of feature and physiognomy.* Land-

* Compare this with description of "faces in the dark," referred to further on in the paper, given by two contributors to the *St. James's Gazette* for Feb. 10 and Feb. 15, 1882.

scapes present themselves much more rarely, but more distinctly, and on the few occasions I remember have been highly picturesque and pleasing, with a certain but very limited power of varying them by the effort of the will, which is not the case with the other sorts of impressions. Of course I now speak of waking impressions, in health, and under no kind of excitement. When the two later conditions are absent, numerous instances are on record of both voluntary and involuntary impressions of this kind, and singular as some of the facts may appear, I am quite prepared, from my own experience on two several occasions, to receive such accounts with much indulgence.

"But it is not to phenomena of this kind that I am about specially to direct your attention. The human features have nothing abstract in their forms, and they are so intimately connected with our mental impressions, that the associative principle may very easily find in casual and irregular patches of unequal darkness, caused by slight local pressure on the retina, the physiognomic exponent of our mental state. Even landscape scenery to me habitually moved by the aspects of nature in association with feeling, may be considered as in the same predicament. There is nothing definite or structural in its forms, which are arbitrary to any extent, and composed of parts having no regular or symmetrical relations. It is perfectly conceivable that the imagination may interpret forms in themselves indefinite, as the conventional expressions of realities not limited to precise rules of form. We all know how easy it is to imagine faces in casual blots, or to see pictures in the fire. But no such explanation applies to the class of phenomena now in question, which consist in the involuntary production of visual impressions, into which geometrical regularity of form enters as the leading character, and that under circumstances, which altogether preclude any explanation, drawn from a possible regularity of structure in the retina of the optic nerve.

"I was sitting one morning very quietly at my breakfast-table, doing nothing and thinking of nothing, when I was startled by a singular shadowy appearance at the outside corner of the field of vision of the left eye. It gradually advanced into the field of view, and then appeared to be a pattern in straight-lined angular forms, very much in general aspect like the drawing of a fortification, with salient and re-entering angles, bastions, and ravelins, with some suspicion of faint lines of colour between the dark lines. The impression was very strong: *equally so with the eyes open or closed*, and it appeared to advance slowly from out of the corner till it spread all over the visual area and passed across to the right side,—where it disappeared.* I cannot say how long it

* Compare this with account of a procession of objects in grey beheld by Cardan, the Italian Physician, when a boy.—("Life of Jerome Cardan, by Henry Morley," vol. i., p. 36.)

lasted, but it must have been a minute or two. I was a little alarmed, looking on it as the precursor of some disorder of the eyes, but no ill consequence followed. Several years afterwards the same thing occurred, and I recognised—not indeed the same precise form, but the same general character—the fortification outline, the dark and bright lines, and the steady progressive advance from left to right. I have mentioned this to several persons, but have only met with one to whom it has occurred. This was a lady of my acquaintance, who assured me that she had often experienced a similar affection, and that it was always followed by a violent headache, which was not the case with me.

“I come now to cases of perfect symmetry and geometrical regularity. ‘The most ordinary class of patterns of this sort, I find to be formed only in darkness, and if the darkness be complete, equally with open as with closed eyes. The forms are not modified by slight pressure, but their degree of visibility is much and capriciously varied by that cause. They are very frequent. In the great majority of instances the pattern presented is that of a lattice work; the larger axis is horizontal. The lines are sometimes dark on a lighter ground, and sometimes the reverse. Occasionally, at their intersections appears a small, close, and apparently complex piece of pattern-work; but always too indistinctly seen to be well made out. The lattice pattern, if constant, and if always upright, might be explained by the habit of looking fixedly at a lattice window, with a view to noting the order of succession of colours in the ocular spectra, which this mode of viewing them shows finely. Occasionally, however, the latticed pattern is replaced by a rectangular one, and within the rectangles occurs, in some cases, a filling in of a smaller lattice-pattern,* or of a sort of lozenge of filagree work, of which it is impossible to seize the precise form, but which is evidently the same in all the rectangles. Occasionally, too, but much more rarely, complex and coloured patterns like those of a carpet appear—but not of any carpet remembered or lately seen—and in two or three instances when this has been the case, the pattern has not remained constant, but has kept changing from instant to instant, hardly giving time to appreciate its symmetry and regularity before being replaced by another; that other, however, not being a sudden transition to something totally different, but rather a variation of the former.

“Hitherto I have mentioned only rectilinear forms. I come now to circular ones. Having had to submit to a surgical operation, I was put under the blessed influence of chloroform. The

* This class of lattice pattern was not unfrequently seen by “Mr. O.,” of whose experiences some account will be given in the course of this article. The wife of Mr. O. tells the writer that she also has occasionally seen these lattice patterns. Mr. O. once saw birds behind this lattice which was apparently of gold.

indication by which I knew when it had taken effect consisted in a kind of dazzle in the eyes, immediately followed by the appearance of a very beautiful and perfectly regular and symmetrical 'Turk's-cap' pattern formed by the mutual intersection of a great number of circles outside of a tangent to a central one. It lasted long enough for me steadily to contemplate it so as to seize the full impression of its perfect regularity, and to be aware of its consisting of exceedingly delicate lines, which seemed, however, to be not single, but close assemblages of coloured lines not unlike the delicate coloured fringes formed along the shadows of objects by very minute pencils of light. The whole exhibition lasted, so far as I could judge, hardly more than a few seconds; and I should observe that I never lost my consciousness of being awake, and in full possession of my mind, though quite insensible to what was going on. I spoke, but the words I am told I uttered, had no relation to what I know I meant to say.

"After a considerable interval of time it became necessary to undergo another operation, which was also performed under chloroform; but this time the dose was less powerful, or differently administered. Again the 'Turk's-cap' pattern presented itself on the first impression, which I watched with much curiosity, but it did not seem quite complete, nor was it identical with the former. In the intersections of the circles with each other, I could perceive small lozenge-shaped forms or minute patterns, but not clearly enough to make them well out. On both these occasions the patterns were far more lively and conspicuous than the dim and shadowy forms before spoken of, and probably belong to quite a different class of phenomena.

"Since that time," Sir J. F. W. Herschel continues, "circular forms have presented themselves spontaneously (of the shadowy and obscure class) on three occasions, one of them quite recently. . . . All these phenomena were, however, much fainter than the chloroform exhibitions, and of the order of lattice patterns. Now the question at once presents itself: What were these Geometrical Spectra—and how and in what department of the bodily and mental economy do they originate? *They are evidently not dreams. The mind is not dormant, but active and conscious of the direction of its thoughts, whilst these things obtrude themselves on notice, and by calling attention to them direct the train of thought into a channel it would not have taken of itself.* Retinal impressions they can hardly be, for what is to determine the incidence of pressure, or the arrival of vibrations from without upon a geometrically-devised pattern on the retinal surface, rather than on its general ground? Where does the pattern itself, *or its prototype in the intellect*, originate? *Certainly not in any action consciously exerted by the mind, for both the particular pattern to be formed and the time of its appearance are not merely beyond our will and control,*

but beyond our knowledge. If it be true that the conception of a regular geometrical pattern implies the exercise of thought and intelligence, it would almost seem that in such cases as those above adduced, we have evidence of a *thought, an intelligence, working within our own organisation distinct from that of our own personality.* Perhaps it may be suggested that there is a kaleidoscopic power in the sensorium to form regular patterns by the symmetrical combination of casual elements, and most assuredly wonders may be worked in this way. But the question still recurs in another form: *How is it that we are utterly unconscious of the possession of such a power, utterly unable voluntarily to exert it, and only aware of its being exerted at times, and in a manner we have absolutely no part in except as spectators of the exhibition of its results?*"

Sir John Herschel observes that he has mentioned his experience to several persons, and that only in one instance—that of a lady of his acquaintance—did he meet with similar phenomena.

The writer herself has been personally familiar with this species of vision and its kindred phenomena for nearly thirty years, during which time it has been made by her a subject of careful observation and study. She has known nearly twenty persons, men and women, old and young, and in the most varied positions in life, in whom this peculiar class of vision has been more or less developed: it has also been recognised by her to have existed in the experiences of numerous persons in the past, as recorded in their lives. The biographies of those persons usually designated "Mystics" are specially full of these records. Especially lives of the Saints of the Roman Catholic Church, and of religious persons amongst the Quakers and the Methodists, are peculiarly rich in such experiences, which, by one personally acquainted with the phenomenon, can be at once classified under the general head of instances of "sensorial vision and vision through the spiritual eye."

It is not, however, now proposed to go further back in our researches than the present century.

In *Blätter aus Prevorst* is given the following

CURIOUS EXPERIENCES OF A GERMAN LADY IN 1834.

"I can recall," she says, "a condition in which I felt myself unspeakably happy; this was after an illness, and whilst I was still weak, but able to go out. All was to me as in a dream. The world troubled me not; *all day long the most exquisite flowers came before my eyes, arabesques, etc.* In sleep I made verses, and sang the most charming roulades, which I could not have done when awake."

There were also strange and painful things at a previous period beheld by this lady, especially faces of a dreadful character, and figures which developed out of the darkness, that looked upon her and vanished again into the darkness, strikingly analogous to "the faces in the dark" beheld and described by two writers in the *St. James's Gazette* for February 10th and 15th, 1882, to which reference will have to be made before this paper is concluded.

Ten years earlier, in 1824, the following remarkable example of

VISIONS THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL EYE OF WILLIAM HOWITT

in his childhood, was entered by him in a common-place book :—

"Lying in bed one winter's morning," he says, speaking of his boyhood, "I found, by a slight pressure on the eyelids, represented as a sort of internal vision, the most gorgeous escutcheons of the richest and most intense colours, varying gradually from blue to purple-red, and so on, but always enriched with a golden glory. This was a splendid discovery. But lo ! another came to light, which diminished this to a trifle. Thrusting my head deep into the downy-pillow, I imagined to myself whatsoever scene I pleased, and behold it appeared.* Old men, with solemn faces and awful eyes, gazing silently upon me ; mountains, woods, wild heaths. *They were there distinct as reality.*† They were always, indeed, in Cimmeric twilight, for I never could succeed in giving a sun to my created world ; yet they were clear, every object perceptible. The scenery was chiefly that of the early history of the Scriptures, each as I had seen it represented in the plates of a large folio Bible belonging to my father. There were shepherds with their long crooks, and their sheep lying about under the pleasant shade of large trees ; wells and damsels in red and yellow raiment, carrying their tall, old-fashioned pitchers, camels and old-world merchants ; Joseph sleeping amidst the sheaves which stood up to do him homage ; Jacob's ladder ; warriors and old towns ; towers round, tall, and built of stupendous red bricks. Then the faces which I saw would, as they continued to look upon me, insensibly change, as we see them in dreams, slowly altering their

* This is the sole instance met with by the writer in which these pictured scenes appear to have been *called-up by the will* of the seer—with the exception of the partial power possessed by Sir John Herschel of varying in will the landscapes he beheld. The usual experience is, that the phenomenon is involuntary, and the will utterly powerless to evoke or control them.

† Only those who have experienced these visions can, in the least, realise their intense reality, glowing with life and light, and filled with movement. In these childhood's visions of William Howitt, there would appear to have been no brilliant light. In other cases—as will be shown in the unfolding at first of this interior sight—objects appear grey and colourless. A striking instance is found of this in visions seen by Cardan, the celebrated Italian physician, in his boyhood. *It is the grey dawn of the visionary unfolding.*

expression through a course of the most grotesque, and sometimes horrid mutation, and frequently would expand till they were as large as a shield."

Compare this description of "the faces" seen by the child in the early years of the century—probably about 1805-10—with those seen by the writers in the *St. James's Gazette* in 1882.

"Only for a few second does it (the face) ever remain," says the first writer, "and it never returns. But what frequently happens is, that one face changes to another after the manner of dissolving views. Another change is always for the worse.* A face that begins by being strange and interesting, ends by becoming something awful and hideous beyond the power of description. But open your eyelids, and the phantoms are gone."

And again, the other writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, says:—

"The rapid series of transitions described so accurately (to fit my experience) by your contributor, always begins with a face, be it that of man or woman of transcendent beauty; then changing second by second—but in such change retaining a resemblance to the preceding phase—it becomes more and more degraded, till in the end so hideous a phantom is before you, that you open your eyes to obtain relief; or you stare it out until it disappears, and the fleecy cloud rolls up again, preparatory to another series."

The writer has spoken of personal knowledge of individuals in whom the faculty of internal vision was developed. The following are the experiences of a friend—Mr. O——, a gentleman already advanced in life, when the power of vision through the spiritual eye first unfolded itself. Before his decease, which occurred some twelve or fifteen years after its first manifestation, he had recorded in his note-book numerous remarkable examples of this class of vision. He was accustomed to view these objects, faces, figures, landscapes, arabesques, etc., with the eyes both closed or open, as the case might be. If the eyes were open, he probably still beheld the spiritually-discerned objects, by means of the *spirit-eye* looking forth into the natural world through the physical eye—the two sights, in fact, being in mutual harmony and operation,

* By no means an invariable experience, since many seers perceive the dreadful aspect *first*, and the mutation is into higher form and more perfect beauty, until its culmination in a glory of loveliness is beheld. Frequently, indeed, the beauty and grace unshadowed by anything that is dark or repulsive, is beheld in these visions. The more harmonious the conditions of the seer, the more beautiful and peaceful the vision beheld. Health, harmony, and peace of mind, in the external life—harmony, grace, and beauty, correspondingly in the visions, bodied forth to the eyes of the seer.

spiritual objects being recognised upon a back-ground, formed by the physical objects of the external world. The famous "visions" of the spirit-seer, William Blake, the artist, were probably, the writer imagines, beheld by the same process, especially when he drew the phantom heads of the "historical personages" who presented themselves before him.

MR. O——'S VISIONS THROUGH THE SPIRITUAL EYE.

Mr. O—— had never beheld visions until he came to reside near the village of P——, in the Cotswold Hills. The retirement of the spot, together with the pure air of the locality—a "hill-country" is ever considered conducive to spirit-seeing—appear to have developed within him the needful conditions. He settled at P—— in October, 1859. About a fortnight after this time he began to see in the night, or early in the morning, but always when quite dark, gleams of light entering his bed-room window. He did not at first take much notice of them, but attributed them to the shining of the rural policeman's lantern directed upon his window, or by lightning. But this was found on inquiry not to have been the case; indeed impossible from the position of the house.

At length Mr. O—— observed the light settle as though upon the wall, and take the form of a rose, and afterwards of large stars of various shapes. One night it assumed the appearance of two angels with trumpets inside a tablet "all bright and beautiful." The night that this vision appeared, Mr. O—— had retired to rest in rather an unhappy mood, but a consoling feeling came with it, and he experienced most sweet and happy sensations. The vision only continued a second or two, and then vanished.

A week afterwards a bright tablet appeared, and within it the face of a child kissing a kitten. Many times figures would appear, but too dim to be distinguished. In March, he saw, surrounded by a circle of light, the profile of "a very well-featured woman." He soon recognised his mother in the face, and exclaimed, "My mother, my mother," with great joy; but it quickly vanished.

The next morning (by morning you must always understand quite early before daylight) he saw in a beautiful tablet, a very handsome elderly lady, dressed very richly and neatly, with a bonnet on, apparently in walking costume. She was like all the rest of these visions formed of light, bright and refulgent looking.

A night or two afterwards appeared a pretty dog with a boy. A light then appeared to him like a window, though the outlines were not strongly marked. This went out, and returned again four times. The first three times only about half a minute at once.

Mr. O—— lay four or five minutes thinking and wondering what meaning the three appearances had, and whether it might be that he had only three years or three months to live. It then returned once more, and he sat up in bed and watched it for nearly a minute before it faded away.

April 3rd, 1860.—A bright light as if there were an opening in the dark, and in this inner bright apartment was part of the face of a man, the forehead and eyes and part of the nose visible, very prominent eyes and large, looking steadily at Mr. O——. It soon retired.

April 4th.—The face and bust of a lady, with two little children kissing each other. She smiling upon them. They looked very pretty. A little after this, the upper part of the head of a man, which Mr. O—— recognised from the hair and forehead, to be that of a friend lately deceased.

July 27th.—A hand pointing downwards. This first appeared as a bright phosphorescent light on the wall, beside Mr. O——'s bed, in which gradually the hand became revealed. Presently a head appeared, belonging to the hand of an elderly man, with a small greyish beard, and small thin features. He looked at Mr. O—— with a pale, solemn countenance. In a few moments the whole vision faded away. Mr. O—— had an awe-struck feeling upon him that made him tremble, and at the same time rather a pleasant sensation of warmth. A scroll with hieroglyphic-looking writing upon it.

September 28th.—A piece of ornament, but not distinct, through the surrounding halo of which the pattern of the paper upon the wall of the room could be seen.

December 12th.—A bird with out-stretched wings feeding its young in a nest.

December 13th.—Two animals' heads like leopards.

December 16th.—A noise of bells ringing heard by a friend in the house. An angel with a bright baby, which afterwards turned into flowers. Also a stag's head with large antlers.

December 18th.—A number of indistinct figures and two doves billing.

December 20th.—Several faces of men, women, and children.

January 1st, 1861.—A large skull, from the top of which a child's head gradually emerged, and afterwards wings to the head.

January 3rd.—A cherub and a child. Mr. O—— has seen many more visions than these, especially animals, but he has omitted to note them down.

One night, about a month ago (March, 1861), he had a picture shown him of a most beautiful landscape. It was as if an opening were made in the darkness, through which he viewed a bright and glorious country, indescribably lovely, with meadows and fields, trees, etc. One man was walking in it, and one animal—a cow.

The brightest sunshine was over everything. One peculiarity of these bright visions is, that frequently they light up the various articles in the room as though it were day-light. When they disappear, everything is dark again.

Mr. O— generally sees them on first opening his eyes. I think their light must awaken him ; but he is not aware whether it is so or not. He imagines the visions to be brought by some spirit-friend who wishes to converse with and comfort him ; and he says they have had a soothing effect upon his mind.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN MEDIUMS AND MANIFESTATIONS.

HARRY BASTIAN.

FOR reasons which will be readily appreciated by most readers, we begin our review of American mediums with some account of Mr. HARRY BASTIAN, who has been so widely advertised by the Imperialist spirit-grabbers, the Archduke Johan, and the Crown Prince, at Vienna.

Harry Bastian was born at North Boston, Erie county, New York, U.S.A., in 1844. His father was a Methodist preacher. His grandfather was a native of Lorraine, and served as a soldier in the French army under Napoleon. The father and grandfather had the gift of healing. When Bastian was a child, from five to seven years old, they had knockings and movings of furniture in the house, and his father thought they were caused by evil spirits, like those in the Wesley family, and tried to exorcise them. In 1869, he visited a medium, who told him that he would also become a professional medium, and visit Europe in that capacity. He then began to read works on Spiritualism, especially the writings of Judge Edmonds and Robert Dale Owen.

In 1871, then residing in Brooklyn, New York, he began to give séances, with strong physical manifestations. With a strange aversion to the exercise of his gifts, he tried to engage in other avocations, and engaged for a time in photography, but the spirits continued to make use of him, and in a manner forced him to do their work, and he travelled for some time through the Western States of America with Mr. Davenport, the father of the well-known Brothers Davenport.

The earliest accounts we have of Mr. Bastian's mediumship are in American journals, not Spiritualist, but the daily and weekly

newspapers of the towns he visited. The *New York Sun* and the *New York Clipper*, in October, 1869, published accounts of very astounding physical manifestations, of which Mr. Bastian was the medium, surpassing, in their estimation, those attending the Brothers Davenport.

Bastian, then at the age of twenty years, sat with another, still younger medium, a boy of seventeen, under the most satisfactory tests, by elaborate tying of their hands together, when solid iron rings were placed upon their arms—a perfect demonstration of matter passing through matter, so often observed in later years by such eminent scientists as Mr. Wm. Crookes, Prof. Zöllner, etc. Of these manifestations, the *New York Sun* remarks:—"One of two things was absolutely required—either the expansion of the solid iron ring an inch-and-a-half, or the reduction of the size of the medium's hand to the same extent." There was also the passing through elaborate fastenings, not only tying but sewing, to be accounted for.

The *Watertown (New York) Post*, 1870, gives an account of a private séance, full of physical and musical manifestations, in which Mr. Bastian "was lifted in his chair from the floor upon the table, and the light discovered him sitting there still securely tied." At a later séance at the same private residence—

"Two strong and thorough men were selected to tie up this young man of slight physique and mild countenance. They tied and tied and tied, with four large, strong cords. Bastian was tied as to his hands, feet, arms, and body, and fastened by numerous knots to his chair. The lights were blown out, and the thirty or more invited persons waited breathlessly. Rap! Thumps! Bell jingling! Guitar thrumming! Drumming! Harmonic playing! Queer voices! All these were heard in the darkness after a few moments. It cannot be denied that some were surprised and some astonished. The lamp was lighted, and Mr. Bastian sat as before, tied as he had been tied. Again and again the room was darkened, and the phenomena repeated. A sceptic tried to light a match. Mr. Bastian protested. 'Why not?' was asked. 'Because it will destroy conditions and endanger sitters.' Phosphorus was put on the guitar, so that it could be seen flying about the room while being twanged, the medium, meantime, bound to his chair, his feet on marked paper, and pennies laid upon his hands to prove that he had not stirred from his position."

Thus fourteen years ago was Mr. Bastian reported, not alone in Spiritualist journals, but the local secular newspapers. The editor of one of them says:—

"We wrote, a few days ago, two letters, addressed to two different individuals in the Spirit-life, and placed them in envelopes precisely alike, and without superscription. They were both answered, pertinently by Mr. Bastian, the answer being written on the outside of each envelope, the *name* of the person addressed was attached to each, and the envelopes returned to us *unopened*."

Pretty good test that. About the same time, 1870, a gentleman wrote to the Chicago *Religio-Philosophical Journal* :—

"At a séance with Mr. Bastian, at my house, a gentleman brought his own violin, which he placed in a corner of the room. As soon as the light was turned off, the spirit 'John' called upon the gentleman for some music. He replied, 'I will play if you will hand me the violin.' Instantly the instrument was heard thrumming about the room, and it was then placed in the right position in the gentleman's hand. As he played, we heard the violin, accompanied by the guitar, tambourine, harmonica, and five bells—all played in perfect time, the medium being bound as tight as four strong cords and two strong men could keep him.

"Mr. Bastian has been staying with us for a few weeks, and we love him. He is a true gentleman in every sense of the word, and makes many friends wherever he goes."

The editor gives similar testimony. He says—

"Harry Bastian—no truer man walks. He is a medium whose normal character is above reproach, and who will find friends wherever he may go."

In 1871, the *R. P. Journal*, announcing Mr. Bastian's return to Chicago, said :—

"Spirits materialise their own organs of speech, and talk in audible voices; they play on musical instruments; when their medium's hands are securely tied, they place solid iron rings upon his arms; they take him, thus bound, and his chair upon the table; they tie him so fast that the most expert sailors cannot untie him, yet they will set him free in three minutes."

The best testimony, however, comes from the impartial, non-Spiritualistic, independent, outspoken American secular newspapers, even when the writers are only awfully puzzled and still sceptical. Thus the editor of the *Monitor*, of Portland, Maine, 1871, describing a private séance, says :—

"Mr. Bastian was tied securely by a gentleman selected by the company, the light was extinguished, and in about a minute was relighted, when he was found to have been untied, and retied with a knot no one present could undo. His coat was taken off

while he was thus securely tied to the chair, and the coat of a gentleman present was put on, under the ropes, quicker than we can tell it. Thus tied, Mr. Bastian was lifted upon the table and taken down again, and iron rings instantaneously placed upon his arms. Coins were placed upon the medium's hands, knees, and feet, and after we heard footsteps on the floor and music in the air, the coins were found unmoved. Still tied, the medium filled his mouth with water, when four distinct voices were heard talking familiarly with those present, the harmonicon, or mouth-organ, played etc., and a spirit, calling himself 'George Fox,' declared that the time was coming when these things could be done in the light, and mortals should see and converse with their spirit friends face to face"—[a prediction that has been abundantly accomplished.]

In the same year, 1871, *The Banner of Light*, the oldest and most widely-read of all Spiritualist papers, announced Mr. Bastian's arrival in Boston. It says :—"Mr. Henry Bastian is a modest, quiet, intelligent gentleman, who commands respect for his own qualities, as well as interest in the manifestations that occur in his presence;" and goes on to describe a private séance at the residence of a gentleman in Charlestown (a suburb of Boston) where were displayed all the phenomena already described.

In a country in which a genius for mechanics is almost universal, it was natural that the phenomena of Spiritualism should be most thoroughly tested. In every place visited by Mr. Bastian, some Yankee genius met him with a new test. He submitted to everything short of personal torture. At Elliott Hall, Boston, July 13th, 1871, Mr. E. S. Wheeler produced a cabinet he had constructed of slats and laths, two-and-a-half feet square, and ten feet high, covered with mosquito netting, forming an impervious extinguisher, which was placed over the medium. The musical instruments, etc., were placed upon a table near him—tambourines, bells, harmonicons. His fingers were also tied with thread. Under these stringent conditions, the instruments were played upon, and the usual manifestations occurred.

In Portland, Maine, they tried handcuffs. While the two hands were thus iron-locked, a chair was "threaded" upon his arm. Then, while the key of the "bracelets" was kept by one of the sitters, he was set free, and the handcuffs found lying at his feet.

At the residence of a gentleman of Portland, while Mr. Bastian was securely tied, and the lights extinguished, a collation which had been placed under the table was "handsomely arranged upon

it, lemonade poured out, and a plate of refreshments handed to a lady, at least eight feet from the medium."

Tied, the knots sealed, strips of sticking-plaster placed upon the ropes, Mr. Bastian's coat was removed; then under the same conditions, the coat of a gentleman present was found upon the medium, thoroughly bound as he was.

Gradually, reading the record of this medium's life in cuttings from American newspapers, we come to higher manifestations, or such as are so considered. The tests of such physical manifestations as we have described were as perfect as tests could be. Then came the visible materialisations. In the *Monitor*, of Portland, Maine, of May 6, 1872, we read that faces appeared and were recognised:—

"The faces of several well-known persons, long deceased, were recognised by their relations, and others who had known them."

In 1872 Mr. Bastian had joined with another young medium, Mr. Taylor. Mr. Avery Babbit, of Auburn, New York, testifies to the genuineness of the materialisations in their presence. He says:—

"My two daughters, Josephine and Fanny, as well as Eugene, my son, presented themselves, one by one, several times, so unmistakably, as to be recognised at once by all in the circle, who were acquainted with them while living. Two little boys recognised by their parents, presented themselves side by side."

The *Toledo Sun*, April 21, 1872, in its editorial columns, describes a materialising séance, at a private residence, at which—

"The faces of several well-known persons of this city, long deceased, were readily recognised. One, a prominent and influential citizen, was recognised by his wife and two daughters. Nearly every person present had similar experiences."

The *Religio-Philosophical Journal* (Chicago) of February 16, 1873, says:—

"Among the mediums for physical manifestations, none ranks higher than HARRY BASTIAN. His gentlemanly deportment and integrity of character have won for him a host of friends all over the country. Though he has been a public medium for only four years, he has been instrumental in convincing hundreds of sceptics that our spirit friends can, and do, return to earth. . . . While Harry was sitting beside the table, securely tied, with pennies on his hands, feet, head, and shoulders, making it impossible for him to move without their being shaken off, a solid ring of iron was

placed upon his arm, and then taken off (hands firmly tie together). Two athletes present *knew* that the ring was not solid ; it *could not* be solid—something wrong somewhere ! They struck it with a knife ; tried to pull it apart, and finally confessed that it *was* solid." Then followed many recognised materialisations. "Two reporters of the daily press, intensely sceptical, came to solve the mystery. They tied Mr. Bastian's hands together, fastened his legs to his chair, and then passed the ropes around his body. Thus secured, Mr. Bastian's coat was removed, and that of one of the reporters put on him, and a chair threaded upon one of his arms."

In a subsequent number the same paper says :—

"Our readers are familiar with the name of Harry Bastian. He is one of the most remarkable mediums of the present age. . . . While he is securely tied, solid iron rings are put upon, or taken off his arms, in one second of time—contrary to any known law of matter. Every safeguard that scepticism can devise is adopted on these occasions. Musical instruments are played with skill and harmony when everyone has positive evidence that no person in this life is touching them. Interesting conversation is held with spirit friends. The so-called dead, whose mortal bodies we know are buried in their graves, come and show themselves time and time again, until they are fully recognised ; they speak in audible voices, and hold conversations with their loved ones."

In March, 1873, the same paper says :—

"In Mr. Bastian's cabinet séances, men, women, and children, of all nationalities are recognised by friends, and hold conversations in their own native tongues. German and French people see their friends in the spirit life, shake hands, and hold prolonged conversations. . . . The spirits who thus present themselves, range in age from little children to aged men and women."

From Maine to Missouri the testimony in local papers is still the same, and in spite of all tests which Yankee ingenuity could contrive, and the far better tests suggested by the spirits, Mr. Bastian had the same triumphant success. Mr. Joseph B. Hall, writing from Portland, Maine, to the *Banner of Light* in August, 1873, says :—

"Words are powerless to express the emotions of our little company as these visitors from the eternal world burst upon our mortal senses. I have read of the 'shining faces of angels,' and now with mine own eyes I have seen them ; for these faces were self-luminous, glowing with a light such as I had never seen before. Truly the end of old things draweth nigh, when we can converse face to face with our departed loved ones ; and if we are to reject

the evidence of our own senses, how are we to believe the evidence of men who are supposed to have died two thousand years ago? If those were not our friends whom we saw, who and what are they?"

Such are a few of the testimonies to the character of, and the manifestations given through, the medium Bastian, up to 1873.

The Sun and *The Leader*, two newspapers of Toronto, Ontario, on the 20th of November, 1873, published very full and perfectly fair reports of a séance given the night before by Mr. Bastian to "a company of about fifty ladies and gentlemen, most of them well-known citizens of Toronto." A committee was chosen to thoroughly test the genuineness of the manifestations. *The Sun* says "several gentlemen of distinguished scientific attainments were much impressed by what they experienced," and *The Leader* remarks—"It is certain that there was no complicity between the medium and anyone present." Among the facts of this séance, was the removal of Mr. Bastian's coat, in spite of the most thorough tying of his arms together; and the putting on of the coat of a gentleman present, under similar conditions—in each case a stupendous example of matter passing through matter.

Another writer says—"Harry Bastian has been shut up in a cage, made of mosquito netting, and often tied, sewed, and sealed. He was not only sewed up in a bag, but the bottom of the bag was firmly nailed with carpet tacks to the floor—yet the materialisations occurred all the same."

A Chicago paper, January 1874, says:—

"Mr. Bastian is probably one of the best mediums in the world for materialisations. The spirits can tie and untie him, lift him upon a table, put solid iron rings upon his arm, while his hands are tied together or held, and take off his coat, and put another upon him under similar conditions."

The testimony as to the reality of physical manifestations and materialisations in the American journals is overwhelmingly abundant—but in August, 1874, Bastian and Taylor came to England, and similar accounts of marvels began to appear in English journals. In the *Sussex Daily News* is a very fair account of a séance at Brighton, and the *South London Press* (August 15, 1874), has a very good report of one in Keppel Street; while the *Spiritualist* and the *Medium and Daybreak* contained many pages of the records of the marvels wrought in their presence. Mr. J. D. Morrison, corresponding secretary of the Psychological Society

of Edinburgh, gave an admirably clear statement of what occurred at a séance in the northern capital.

In November and December, 1874, they were in Holland, where descriptions of their séances were given in the journals of the Hague, Utrecht, Arnheim, etc. A journal of Arnheim, 2nd December, says:—

“Gisteren avond hadden wij het vooregt tot eene bijeenkomst te worden toegelaten, aan het spiritisme gewijd. De heeren Bastian en Taylor waren met baron van Hemert tegenvoorig, alsmede een veertiental heeren en dames, op een na allen stadgenooten, te goed bekend om heer van eenige medeverking aan mystificatie te verdenken”—and so on for a full column, with a most minute and elaborate description.

Mr. Taylor wrote to the *Medium and Daybreak*, November 20, 1874—“We are still meeting with splendid success in our work of spreading the truths of Spiritualism, and have given séances at Utrecht, Arnheim, Leyden, Delft, and Rotterdam, besides many here at the Hague. Last Tuesday the society ‘Oramase,’ gave us a complimentary supper. To-morrow we go to Amsterdam.”

Mr. A. J. Riko, in a letter to the *Medium and Daybreak*, Dec. 11, 1874, gives one of the clearest accounts of a séance for physical manifestations, in substance and form, that we have ever seen—so good, indeed, noting from moment to moment the phenomena, tests, and conditions, that we cannot do better than to reproduce it, not only as evidence, but as a good example.

The séance was in the “Oramase” Society room; the company, twelve gentlemen and four ladies, and the two mediums. Mr. Bastian sat at one end of the room, firmly and artistically bound, near a table on which were a guitar, six bells of different tones, mouth harmonicon, tambourine, accordion, musical box, and a solid iron ring, made by a member of the society. The company, with Mr. Taylor, sat on three rows of chairs, two yards from the table. The phenomena took place in the *dark*, and the conditions were examined in the *light*, as recorded by Mr. Riko.

“*Light.* Mr. Bastian firmly bound by one of the sitters, and examined by the committee and others.

“*Dark.* Spirit ‘George’ salutes us—playing on the instruments.

“*Light.* The medium perfectly bound as before.

“*Dark.* Spirit ‘Johnny,’ dissatisfied with the binding, unbinds Mr. Bastian.

“*Light.* Bastian sitting free; the cords on the floor.

- “ Dark. We hear a great snapping of cords.*
- “ Light. Bastian is found bound with every knot beyond his reach ; some behind, and some under his chair.*
- “ Dark. Instruments playing and flying about the room.*
- “ Light. Mr. Bastian bound as before, but sitting in his chair on the table.*
- “ Dark. Sounds of instruments.*
- “ Light. Medium still firmly bound ; sitting in his chair on the floor.*
- “ Dark. ‘ Johnny ’ tunes the instruments, and plays, all the instruments accompanying in perfect harmony, a waltz, and ‘ God save the Queen.’*
- “ Light. Medium all right, and all the instruments on the floor.*
- “ Dark. ‘ The spirit ‘ May ’ plays a waltz very finely on the mouth harmonicon, accompanied by the bells.*
- “ Light. Medium inspected, and found secure as before.*
- “ Dark. ‘ May,’ a very fine musician, plays a polka, accompanied as before.*
- “ Light. Medium all right.*
- “ Dark. ‘ Home, sweet Home,’ with accompaniment. Splendid !*
- “ Light. Mr. Bastian in same position ; impossible to be better secured.*
- “ Dark. Sound of instruments ; deep sigh from Bastian.*
- “ Light. Bastian has the iron ring on his right wrist above the untouched bindings.*
- “ Dark. Sound of something fallen on the floor.*
- “ Light. The ring gone from the medium’s wrist, and lying on the floor, binding and knots intact.*
- “ Dark. ‘ George ’ requests us to put paper under the medium’s feet, and lay some pennies on his person.*
- “ Light. We place his bound feet on paper, and mark around them with a lead pencil, and put cents on his feet, hands, knees, and head, seven in all.*
- “ Dark. Playing on all the instruments, which fly about the room, and touch some of the sitters.*
- “ Light. Papers, cents, tyings—all as before ; but the iron ring is again on the medium’s wrist.*
- “ Dark. A rustling heard as of paper.*
- “ Light. The paper which was under Bastian’s feet is upon his head, and upon it the ring that had been on his wrist. Tests all right.*
- “ Dark. ‘ George ’ requests a gentleman to sit near the table.*
- “ Light. One sits as desired, and lays his hands upon the table.*
- “ Dark. Instruments all play.*
- “ Light. They are found lying before the gentleman, who says he has been touched by several hands. Bastian has a bell*

on his head, and the gentleman the iron ring on his. Every knot in perfect order.

"*Dark.* 'George' requests us to seal the knots.

"*Light.* Knots sealed with a gentleman's private seal; gentleman still at table.

"*Dark.* 'George' invites him to take off his coat and lay it on the table.

"*Light.* This is done.

"*Dark.* 'George' invites some one to order the coat to be put on Mr. Bastian. It is so ordered.

"*Light.* The gentleman's coat is on Mr. Bastian, and his sealed fastenings unaltered.

"*Dark.* 'George' orders the medium's mouth to be filled with water, and says, 'Mr. Riko, we will now show that the spirit-voice is independent of the medium.'

"*Light.* This order is strictly obeyed, and the water-bottle and glass placed under my control.

"*Dark.* Various spirit-voices!—whistling!—playing by dear 'May' on the mouth harmonicon!—Mr. Taylor, at the request of the spirits, speaking at the same time. 'George' says, 'People are always crying, Tests! tests! tests! Now, do you understand that the medium gets tired with the proposing of frivolous tests, after having undergone such tests as these for ten years?'

"*Light.* Everything in order. Mr. Bastian empties his mouth of the water in sight of all.

"*Dark.* I sing with Mr. Taylor the hymn, 'Shall we know each other there?' and 'George' joins in a powerful bass voice, ten times as strong as Mr. Bastian's.

"*Light.* I ask for some direct writing, and place paper and pencils on the table.

"*Dark.* We hear a noise of writing.

"*Light.* I find messages in five different handwritings on the table.

"*Dark.* 'Johnny' tells us that 'May' has tied the medium in her manner.

"*Light.* We find Bastian bound in the most tremendous manner with a large knot between his wrists, which none of us could untie."

Thus ended this series of miracles, witnessed by a company of cultivated ladies and gentlemen, who are all ready to confirm every particular, with their names and addresses.

Leaving Holland, Messrs. Bastian and Taylor gave five séances in Brussels, and then four in Paris, after which they returned to London.

(*To be continued.*)

GENERAL GORDON A SPIRITUALIST.

IT is curious to observe how some accident, as we call it, or some stupidity of a Government may, like a whirlwind, scatter ideas over the world. Here is this General Gordon—CHINESE GORDON—for example, who might well compete with General Booth for the leadership of the Salvation Army, urged upon the Government by the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the Soudan crisis—and which is now publishing his ideas of politics, morals, and religions. Shock after shock has come upon the “old fogies,” and, as the rowdy American writers say, “shaken them out of their boots.”

Trusting in God, he asks for no escort, but goes as straight as he can from Charing Cross Station to Khartoum, tells the people they shall keep their slaves, and that no one shall take their property from them, and publicly burns the records of their tax-gatherers, and advises the horrified Prime Minister to send them the head slave-trader of Central Africa for their Sultan, as the only man who can cope with the Mahdi.

Seven-eighths of the people of the Soudan, he says, are slaves. He cannot feed them or care for them. Set free to-day they would be seized by his auxiliaries, by his own soldiers, by whoever cared to have them. He believes in the justice of compensation also, as does Mr. Gladstone, with reason, since a large part of his fortune was paid by the nation as compensation for freed slaves in Jamaica; and sauce for an English goose must be sauce for an Egyptian or Soudan gander.

But General Gordon's religious ideas are likely to make the most vivid sensation of all. The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes them at large in an extra.

According to this, General Gordon was in 1876 a pronounced Spiritualist and re-incarnationist. He writes from Central Africa—

“I think that this life is only one of a series of lives which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having pre-existed; and that also in the time of our pre-existence we were actively employed.”

General Gordon is also a thorough Fatalist or Predestinarian, holding that—

“In the present life, everything that happens to man of good or

evil, was settled from all eternity—or, as he once phrased it, ‘one million million years ago’—by a Higher Power who is infinite wisdom. ‘No comfort is equal to that which he has who has God for his stay, who believes not in words but in fact, that all things are ordained to happen, and must happen. He who has this has already died, and is free from the annoyance of this life.’

“That evil should be permitted by infinite wisdom, is a tough morsel to believe, but it is true”—so that accomplished facts, whatever they may be, are the will of God.

Perfect faith in the Divine guidance relieves him from all anxiety. He is a chisel in the hand of the carpenter—clay in the hand of the potter.

Thus he has the greatest possible contempt for conventional, ordinary, respectable Christianity. He says:—

“The Christianity of the masses is a vapid, tasteless thing, and of no use to anyone. The people of England care more for their dinners than they do for anything else. . . . Any conversation with so-called serious people on religious subjects is for me at an end forever. There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in this world as our Saviour while the world is in the state it now is. He would be dead against nearly all our pursuits, and be altogether outré. I say the Christian Pharisees deny Christ. They ignore Him, or at the most throw Him in as a make-weight. I see no resemblance to Him in them. A hard, cruel set they are, from high to low.”

General Gordon likes the Mahomedans much better than the general run of Christians. He says:—

“I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe he is in any peril. All of us are more or less Pagans. I like the Mussulman; he is not ashamed of his God; his life is a fairly pure one; certainly he gives himself a good margin in the wife line, but, at anyrate, he never poaches on others. Can our Christian people say the same?”

Also he has much charity for Pagans, and doesn’t see the use of missionaries. He says:—

“The heathen are God’s inheritance, and He hears their prayers. The incantations of the native magicians, when employed in good faith, are to him prayers which the Highest does not disdain to hear. When a Moogi Balaam cursed him from the river bank, he noted that it was odd a disaster soon afterwards followed. ‘I believe,’ he writes, ‘that God may listen to the cries for help from the heathen who know Him not. These prayers were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the pray-er knew he

would need help from some unknown power to avert a danger. That the native knows not the true God is true, but God knows him, and moved him to prayer, and answered his prayer."

Above all, he detests the doctrine of Eternal Damnation as a libel on the Almighty. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says—"Nothing seems so much to move his indignation." He says :—

"Nothing can be more abject and miserable than the usual conception of God. Imagine to yourself, what pleasure would it be to Him to burn us or to torture us? Can we believe any *human being* capable of creating us for such a purpose? Would it show His power? Why, He is omnipotent! Would it show His justice? He is righteous—no one will deny it. We credit God with attributes which are utterly hateful to the meanest of men. Looking at our darkness of vision, how can He be what we credit Him with? I quite wonder at the long time it has taken us to see that the general doctrine of the Church is so erroneous. Think over what I say. Is not the preaching of every place of worship you have ever entered this? 'If you do well, you will be saved; if you do ill, you will be damned.' Where is the Gospel or 'good news' in this? When one thinks of the millions on whom weighs that yoke of bondage, one wonders. I do not know a single person who says the real truth straight out. When one thinks of the real agony one has gone through in consequence of false teaching, it makes human nature angry with the teachers who have added to the bitterness of life."

And here are General Gordon's ideas of the future life :—

"The future world must be much more amusing, more enticing, and more to be desired than this world, putting aside its absence of sorrow and sin. The future world has somehow been painted to our minds as a place of continuous praise, and though we may not say it, yet one cannot help feeling that if thus, it would be monotonous. It cannot be thus; it must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent upon activity. Death is cessation of movement. Life is all movement."

"I believe," he writes on another occasion, "in our active employment in future life, and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and indeed go on towards perfection, but never attain it."

And these are the ideas and beliefs, now made known to millions, of the man whom Mr. Gladstone, in an interval of Bishop-making, has sent to get him out of his troubles in Egypt.

Well! well! well.

CARDINAL MANNING ON SPIRITUALISM.

CARDINAL MANNING, up to a certain point, is a man of singular enlightenment. "The characteristic of this century," he says, "is intellectual aberration. We have at the present moment two things that remind one of the judgment on King Nebuchodonoser: the belief in Spiritualism on the one hand, and Materialism on the other. Where there is not supernatural Faith there is often preternatural superstition; and Materialism is a yet lower form of superstition than the belief in Spiritualism, because to believe that Matter thinks is more absurd than any kind of belief in an unseen world." We find the above in the *Weekly Register*, the ablest of Catholic journals, and the organ, if he have such an instrument, of His Eminence the Cardinal.

Spiritualism is, according to the Cardinal, a "preternatural superstition;" but what does he mean by Spiritualism? Is it a belief in the reality of such occurrences as are recorded in the Old and New Testaments? Is it an acceptance of the verity of the thousands of supernatural incidents which fill the Lives of the Saints, and the miracles which in our own day gather crowds of Catholics to Lourdes, or Knock, or La Salette? The literature of the Catholic Church is crowded with incidents closely resembling what are called Spiritual manifestations—apparitions, communications from the departed, physical manifestations of spirit power, and the exercise of the gift of healing. The narrations of these spiritual manifestations, continued for nearly two thousand years, fill hundreds of volumes. They are the very life of the Catholic Church—yet here, is a 19th century Cardinal, an Anglican "pervert," doing his best to sweep them all away, and undermine the faith he doubtless wishes to sustain.

Cardinal Wiseman was a man of less intellectual power and culture, but he knew better than to denounce Spiritualism. If he did not personally examine the facts, he had the candour and the wisdom to examine the testimony in regard to them. He frankly admitted the reality of spiritual manifestations, and was personally acquainted with some who had, as he believed, been led by them to accept the Catholic faith. Other prelates and priests have done the same. Some priests, who have personally examined Spiritualism, have not only been convinced of its reality, but have had similar phenomena in their own experience.

Of two things, one: either the spiritual manifestations of our day are the results of trickery and fraud, contemptible and detestable, joint product of the two factors of all shams—the knaves and the fools; or they are, the very least of them, tremendous realities. Cannot a man of the clear trained intelligence of Cardinal Manning see that the “intellectual aberration” he has most reason to dread—scientific materialism—is utterly destroyed by spiritual manifestations—which are thus a basis of faith in whatever in the spiritual world has solid claims upon our belief?

What the intelligent and philanthropic Cardinal should do, in our humble judgment, is this. He should examine, before he condemns. If the manifestations occurring daily all over the world are mere trickery or mere delusions, surely it is his duty to expose them. Simply declaring them, *ex cathedra*, to be such will satisfy nobody. Neither the Pope nor an Ecumenical Council can disestablish a Fact. Omnipotence cannot get more than two right angles into a triangle, nor cause two and two to make more or less than four. The largest possible majority cannot destroy the reality, force, or significance of the smallest fact. It is better, therefore, that men in responsible positions should know what they are talking about—and not join with utter infidels, agnostics, atheists, and materialists, in denouncing the solid unquestionable facts, examined by men of the clearest intelligence and most advanced science, which prove the realities of a continued existence of human beings—of a life beyond the grave.

What Spiritualists ask of sensible men and women is not faith but knowledge. No man of intelligence—no man of science—has ever examined the phenomena of Spiritualism without being convinced of their absolute, objective reality. If Cardinal Manning, whose admirable qualities are well known and highly appreciated by the writer of these lines—who may claim to have even some slight personal acquaintance with his Eminence—will go, as secretly as Nicodemus, to some good medium—to Willie Eglinton, for example—and sit alone with him for one hour, he will get proofs which will convince him of the reality of Spiritualism, and which may also satisfy him that its facts are very far from being opposed to the interests of true religious faith and life.

Willie Eglinton has “sat under” the preaching of Cardinal Manning in his Pro-Cathedral—why should not His Eminence make a quiet visit to the séance room, 12 Old Quebec Street? Is it unworthy of his dignity? He and thousands more may not

need for themselves proof absolute of the existence of spirits and their power to communicate with mortals—but we know that such proofs are not unwelcome to persons of the clearest sight and the firmest faith. But one thing is certain—no priest—no prelate, cardinal, or the Pope himself, has a right to denounce as false what he can at any time, and with the least possible trouble, *ascertain to be true!*

“SPIRITUALISM IN MODERN CHURCHES.”

To the Editor of the SPIRITUAL RECORD.

SIR,—If you can find space in your interesting pages, I wish to write a few lines in continuation of this subject, on which there is an article in your July number. I waited for the August number to see whether any of your contributors might take up the subject, but not finding anything about it there, I venture to send you a short extension of the topic.

I notice that the account of the rappings at Epworth Parsonage, the early home of John Wesley (founder of Methodism), is taken from an American writer. I beg to give you something in Wesley's own words, to be found in vol. iii. of the third edition of his works, corrected by himself, and printed in 1829. His journals are now very little read, even in his own Society, and not at all elsewhere; so I hope that these extracts may be new even to those who have an idea that this great and good man was a Spiritualist.

It was written in 1768 (when the Materialism of both religious and secular society was most dense), and runs as follows:—

“Wednesday 25, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down, from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read; and yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person excludes all suspicion of fraud; and the nature of the circumstances themselves excludes the possibility of a delusion. It is true there are several of them which I do not comprehend; but this is with me a very slender objection; for what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things which I see daily? Truly, not

“The smallest grain of sand, or spire of grass.”

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well-attested

facts, because I cannot comprehend them? It is true, likewise, that the English in general, and most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as old wives' fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against this violent compliment which so many that believe the Bible pay to those who do not believe in it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the Bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, whether Christians know it or not, that the giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason, therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. . . .

"One of the capital objections to all those accounts, which I have known urged over and over is this: 'Did you ever see an apparition yourself?' No; nor did I ever see a murder; yet I believe there is such a thing—yea, and that in one place or other murder is committed every day. Therefore, I cannot, as a reasonable man, deny the fact, although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. *The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses* fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

"But to set this aside, it has been confidently alleged that many of those have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced that the supposed preternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompesson's house at Tedworth, who, it was said, acknowledged it was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance. Not so. My eldest brother, then at Christ Church, Oxford, inquired of Mr. Mompesson, his fellow-collegian, whether his father had acknowledged this or not. He answered, 'The resort of gentlemen to my father's house was so great he could not bear the expense. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat, although he and I and all the family knew the account which was published to be punctually true.'

"This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice."

Thus far Mr. Wesley's own words. He then relates his ghost-story, from which I must only give extracts, lest it should take too much room. The most curious feature about it is, that each page has footnotes containing remarks, or rather, exclamations of won-

der, which prove that he had difficulties which would not be such to the veriest beginner in Modern Spiritualism.

His heroine, Elizabeth Hobson (most likely one of the members of his Society) says :—

“ From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died, or a little before, and I was not frightened at all, it was so common ; indeed, many times I did not know they were dead. I saw many of them by day—many by night. Those that came when it was dark brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy, dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

“ When I told my uncle this (she was brought up by an uncle), he did not seem at all suprised at it, but said, ‘ Be not afraid, only take care to fear and serve God.’ At other times he said (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any question about it), ‘ Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven at night and two in the morning.’ . . . I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross, into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frighted, and I had myself often seen men and women—so many at times, that they are out of count—go just by me, and vanish away. This morning, as I came toward it, I heard a confused noise as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on to the gate. I then saw, on the other side, a young man dressed in purple, who said, ‘ It is too early ; go back whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you,’ and presently he was gone.

“ At the age of sixteen, our heroine loses her uncle. ‘ Having been sent on an errand, I was coming home through a lane when I saw him in the field, coming swiftly toward me. I ran to meet him, but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. He clasped his arms around my neck, . . . exhorted me to continue in the ways of God. . . . He kept his hold till he sunk and died.’ ”

The death of her guardian threw her into an illness.

“ I was praying from morning till night that I might see him. . . . I grew worse and worse, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after, at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. If I wanted anything, though I did not speak or stir, he pitched it, and set it on the chair by the bedside. Indeed I could not speak. Many a time I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning, when he went away, he waved his hand to me, and I

heard delightful music. . . . I grew better. I was then musing, one night, whether I did well in desiring he might come, and I was praying that God might do his own will, when he came in and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress. He had on a white robe, which reached down to his feet. He looked quite pleased. There stood by him a person in white, taller than him, and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till cock-crowing. Then my uncle waved his hand twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressibly sweet music, and I saw him no more."

But all her spirit-friends were not so agreeable. She tells of a sailor—

"He sailed on a Tuesday. The Tuesday night following, between eleven and twelve o'clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step sounded as if he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell upon my breast, and felt as cold as ice. Afterwards he came both day and night. When I sat, he sat; when I kneeled, he kneeled; when I stood, he did likewise."

After weeks of this, she resolves to speak to him—

"I said, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?' He answered, 'Betsy, God forgive you for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised when I went to sea—to look to my children if I were drowned?' (She remembers her promise, and engages to take care of the children, and he left her.)

"I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said, 'I desire you will come back.' He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he answered, but added, 'I wish you had not called me back, for now I must take something from you.' He paused a little, and said, 'I think you can best part with the hearing of your left ear.' He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was as deaf as a stone. He appeared before the death of each child, but without speaking. After that, I saw him no more."

After many such experiences, too numerous to transcribe, but all bearing on anxieties felt by spirits as to earthly matters unfinished or gone wrong, her last and worst visitor, who had not troubled her for some time, came again and said :—

"You must meet me at Boyldon Hill, near Sunderland (where these events happened), on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances, who will call you to come to them; but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter

after twelve, I shall come and call you, but still do not answer nor stir. I could take my leave of you now; but, if I do I must take some thing from you, which you would not like to part with." She said, "May not a few friends come with me?" He said, "They may; but they must not be present when I come."

"That night" (it is one of her friends who now speaks) "twelve of us met at Mr. Davidson's, about a quarter of a mile from the hill, and spent some time in prayer. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the night in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, 'Thank God, it is all over and done. I found everything as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called to me, but I did not answer nor stir. Soon after he came to me and said, "You are come well fortified."' He then gave her the reasons why he required her to meet him at that place, and why he could take his leave there and not in the house; but withal, he charged her to tell this to no one, adding, 'If you disclose this to any creature, I shall be under a necessity of troubling you as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you, or see you any more, in time or in eternity.' He then bade her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared." VERA.

Thanks to Mr. John MacCrimmon for a copy of *The Watchman*, a Spiritualist paper published in Chicago. It is specially rich in well attested phenomena, such as the materialisations described by one of the clearest of witnesses, Mr. Thomas R. Hazard—some of which we propose to transfer to the next *Record*. Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan is a similarly clear, intelligent witness whose word pictures are photographed upon the memory. The time is near for a judicious selection of such testimonies, which will carry clear conviction and compel belief.

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Mrs. Fletcher's "Twelve Months in an English Prison," published and thoroughly endorsed by a leading house in Boston, and reviewed in the American daily and weekly journals as no other Spiritualist work has ever been, can be ordered of George Putnam Sons, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, through any bookseller. It is a book that should be read by all fair minded men and women, and one that will pay in many ways. It is full of marvels, intensely pathetic, and unique in biographic interest, warm from the brain and heart of a highly-gifted and sorely-wronged woman.

RECORDS OF THE "HAFED" CIRCLE.

(Extracted from an Address by "HAFED" through Mr. DAVID DUGUID,
in trance.)

TO become spiritual, man must live a pure life—become as holy as it is possible for man to be; and to be so, he must walk in the footsteps of Jesus our Lord and Prince. He has shown to man how to walk purely—how it is possible to discern by the spiritual eye, and how he can perform the work meant for him to do on earth. When the Creator laid down his great order for the universe the inhabitants of the various planets were placed on them for the purpose, not to make a hell of them, but a paradise—a heaven, while dwelling in mortal bodies. We have made the Earth worse than hell or Hades—(I say *we*, because I consider myself connected with the Earth). While in the body, the spirits of most of men are in chains—in a prison-house. Alas! how many thousands have passed away from the body in that sad condition! Let me give you a story illustrating how Earth may become worse than Hades.

There was once in the city of Bushire a rich merchant. He had all the world could give; his storehouses containing the rich products of India and Persia and all the lands around. The king himself was not greater or richer. He had servants to attend him, to whom his word was a law: when he wanted a thing done, it was straightway accomplished. With all this wealth and power, he got more and more hardened, and ever desiring to grasp at more. The possession of riches became his heaven. But, with all his wealth, he would hardly give his own children food enough to keep them in life: he treated them worse than beggars. Indeed, he himself was little better off than a beggar. So greedy of gain was he that he scrupled not to put out his hand and take by force that which did not belong to him. But at last a day of reckoning came. The judgment from the Highest visited him. A raging fire broke out, in which his great storehouses became a blazing mass; and what was saved from the fire was stolen by those who were there to aid in putting it out. He sat down and brooded over his great loss. His God had been burned up by the flames of Heaven. The God of Heaven had shown Himself mightier than his idol. While he sat thus, reflecting over the smouldering ruins, he fell into a deep trance, in which his eyes were opened to see his true position. He thought he was in hell, but it was but a glimpse of what was around him. He saw some poor wretches groping their way; but it appeared to him that they were happier even there than he was now on the Earth; for the great loss he had sustained was even then uppermost in his mind.

As he continued to look, he saw a Bright One come to one of these poor wanderers, who, though apparently unconscious of the messenger, appeared to become more firm—to receive strength. At length he opened his eyes, and lifting up his hands on high, he prayed to Him who sat on the Throne. Then he heard a voice saying—"Come, thou poor weary one of Earth, though thy sins were great, yet when thou hadst wealth, thou didst freely give it away to the poor; and when in thy poverty thou didst seek relief from the rich, they drove thee away. Thy sins are forgiven. Fix thine eyes on the Light, now dimly discerned by thee, and step by step thou shalt rise till at length thou shalt enter the mansions of the blest." On hearing these words, the merchant reflected and said to himself—"Thou wert worse than this man; he gave his wealth freely away to feed the poor, but thou didst hoard it up. He is now beginning to receive his reward. Go back to Earth, and begin thy life again and see what good thou canst do."

He woke up from his trance. Those who stood around began to try and comfort him because of his great loss, but he said—"Away! comfort me not; I am unworthy to receive it; you are all better than I have been. I have seen the God; he has spoken to me. I am but suffering now the results of my own evil deeds. But the day, I trust, will soon come when I will make a heaven on earth, by living a different life. No more shall I give my strength to the accumulation of wealth for myself, but for you all. I have sinned against even my own children, and I know now that I must receive the desert of my deeds when I leave the earth—but hoping for the day when the bright angels will raise me up."

This merchant became a good man—one who had not a bad word for any, but who was pleasant to all, and did good wherever he saw an opportunity for doing it. When he died, he was ten times richer than he was before.

When man lives a pure and holy life, seeking after spiritual things, the Divine spark within him will brighten up his whole being. By laying on of hands he will be able to cure the sick. He will have so much faith that pestilence will fly before him. He will prophesy of things coming on the earth. He will hold daily communion with the spirits of those who have passed away. All that the Master promised will be fulfilled. He said that his followers would be able to remove mountains (figuratively) if required; and they will drive away mountains of opposition, and dispel the thick dark clouds that hang over the heads of the people, which cover, as with a pall, the Church which claims to be the Church of the Master. It will be brought back to its original foundation—that Church which he founded eighteen hundred years ago.

A MATERIALISATION SEANCE WITH MR. EGLINTON.

To the Editor of LIGHT.

SIR,—Allow me to place on record a most successful séance, held at Mrs. Mackdougall Gregory's, on Friday, the 14th March, Mr. Eglinton being the medium, with seven sitters, four ladies and three gentlemen, the séance being held for materialisations. On the light being lowered, the voluble voice of *Joey* was heard from within the cabinet, greeting every visitor in turn, promising a good séance, and requesting one of the sitters—an excellent amateur musician—to come within the small room prepared as a cabinet, where was a grand piano, which filled a great part of its space, and begging of him to play during the sitting, as conducive to harmony. *Joey's* desire was complied with. Shortly afterwards the form of a small child stepped forward from behind the closed curtains. On its retiral, a female figure of middle size made her appearance, and, after walking round the circle of the sitters, and saluting us with her hand, it retired also. A short pause ensued, after which a regular exodus of spirit forms came forth in rapid succession. First, a tall one with bronzed complexion, black, curly beard, and dressed in rich Oriental costume; then came a gigantic one, well known to the circle as *Abdullah*, also decked in dazzling white; next came that of a diminutive child, and at the same moment two male figures, who stepped forward saluting the company with energetic gestures. A beautiful female form succeeded them, coming straight to me, and signifying with signs that she had known me before her departure from earth, but whom I could not recognise. She presented each of the circle with beautiful flowers, perfectly fresh and fragrant. Three more spirit forms quickly followed each other, wafting kisses to a lady sitting by me, who recognised in them her mother, her husband, and her little daughter. Mrs. Gregory was next approached by a stately adult figure, with most attractive features and manner, in whom she recognised her spirit-grandson. The figure spoke loving words to her, and placing his right hand on her head, tenderly kissed her. The next form that came out of the cabinet was that of the controlling spirit, *Joey*. He entered the circle speaking in a loud squeaking voice, and exhibiting great animation in his movements; he had pleasant things to say to everyone present. Addressing the hostess, he promised another surprise, and bringing a small table from the inside of the cabinet, and placing it in the middle of the circle, withdrew instantly. Mrs. Gregory's grandson again made his appearance, and kneeling by the table,

and taking up a pencil he rapidly wrote the following message in beautiful caligraphy :—

“DARLING GRANNY,—I thank you much for giving me conditions which enable me to be with you in verity to-night. I always guard you. Accept with my dear love these flowers.—YOUR LOVING GRANDSON.”

He then rose, and shaking his drapery upon the table, it was found covered with flowers of different kinds, fresh and beautiful.

It will thus be seen that thirteen different spirits appeared materialised in that séance. One of them spoke inside the cabinet, and two outside. One of them wrote in the presence of all, and two shook hands with the sitters, and two others distributed flowers. Such are the things that happen daily in London, where reside many of the luminaries of science, who, turning apostles of matter and force, indefatigably spurn the idea of anything spiritual. Strange times are these.—Very truly yours,

G. DAMIANI.

29 Colville Road, Notting Hill, March 17, 1884.

CREMATION.

THE *Banner of Light* gives six columns of its space to an address on “Cremation,” by the President of the New York Cremation Society. The arguments in favour of the rapid oxygenation of animal bodies, instead of the slower processes by burial in cemeteries, are very strongly put. There is no doubt that graveyards in London, and other large towns, have tainted the air and water, and been causes of disease—no doubt, a rapid purification “so as by fire” would be a remedy—but the custom of burial, “earth to earth,” with all its sacred associations, will be hard to to change in favour of the ancient, classic, and more sanitary process of “ashes to ashes.” Save as a matter of sentiment, all processes of disintegration are much alike. If the sea gives up its dead, devoured by crabs and fishes—if the resurrection reach the food of rottenness and worms—if the bodies of martyrs burned at the stake, whose ashes are scattered on running streams, are not lost, we need not be troubled about a process of careful cremation. And the burial sentiment does not reach far nor last long. If a railway wants land, it does not show much reverence for an old graveyard. The bones of English and French heroes buried at Waterloo have been ground up in Bristol to make the farms of Somerset produce more wheat. The mummies of Egypt are not only scattered over the world in museums, but have been brought

to England by shiploads for manure, fulfilling the Scripture, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." A thousand millions of human beings leave their bodies every thirty years. Four-fifths of the body is water, which helps to form clouds and make rainbows. The carbon, hydrogen, and phosphorus burn; the calcium and sodium become oxides. Cremation, sooner or later, is what all must come to, and, in densely peopled places, there are undoubted advantages in completing the process as quickly as possible.

"INTERFERENCES WITH THE KNOWN LAWS OF NATURE."

In commenting in *Light* on an article in the *Journal of Science* for March, "M. A. (Oxon)" says:—"I protest strongly that a fact is not less a fact because I cannot predict its bearing on other facts that are familiar to me. A perfectly new and strange phenomenon, isolated and alone, should be viewed with suspicion, and should be submitted to most careful tests before being accepted. But the evidence of trained observers, under conditions sufficient for exact observation, again and again repeated, has a righteous claim on recognition. The writer considers that 'we know that man cannot alter the force of gravitation by causing a table to rise, say, up to the ceiling.' I know that certain men, women, and children can so alter or suspend the action of that force by simply laying a finger on the surface, even of a very heavy table. I have repeatedly seen a table made light or heavy at request, so that the united efforts of strong men could not stir it in the one case; and in the other, that it floated light as a feather above the floor. I have seen a table inclined at such an angle that every object upon it must have slid on to the floor, were it not that they were fixed to their places by some strange power which temporarily interfered with the action of a known law. I have seen a heavy table, large enough to seat a dozen people comfortably, rise off the floor, and remain suspended in the air, and finally, as though magnetically attracted, surge upwards till it reached the two hands of the psychic, that were held motionless some two feet above its surface. I have known a medium, both of whose hands were securely held, lifted together with his chair from the floor to the table, where I and a friend, who grasped his two hands, and never let them go till the gas was alight again, found him sitting with his head between two branches of the gasolier. I regard that (I may say in a parenthesis), quite independently of my elaborate precautions against fraud, as an achievement beyond the reach of the juggler or the conjurer. These are one and all interferences with the known laws of nature; and they are facts."

*ON THE ATTITUDE OF MEN OF SCIENCE
TOWARDS SPIRITUALISM.*

BY ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, F.R.G.S., etc., etc.

IT is now generally admitted that all original investigation of Nature is useful and honourable ; that the man who devotes himself to the observation of natural phenomena, of however obscure and apparently uninteresting a nature, who conducts experiments calculated to throw light upon their causes, and who fully and accurately records such observations and experiments, gains for himself a place in the roll of scientific investigators. But, strange to say, in order to merit this honourable position, he must strictly limit his inquiries within certain bounds. For should he have chanced to meet with any of those singular cases in which an individual exhibits exalted and exceptional mental capacities, appearing like the development of new senses, or those still more extraordinary phenomena which seem to prove the existence of intelligent beings, invisible and intangible to most men, yet capable, under certain conditions, of making their presence known to us ; and if he devote his best energies to the study of these strange and exceptional cases, and, after long-continued inquiry and careful experiment, arrive at the conclusion that they are veritable realities, and, as such, of the highest importance to his fellow-men,—instead of being welcomed as a discoverer, or rewarded as a scientific investigator, he finds himself set down as credulous and superstitious, if not openly accused of falsehood and imposture, and his careful and oft-repeated experiments ignored, as not worth a moment's consideration.

That the public at large should thus deal with new and unpopular inquiries is not to be wondered at ; but that philosophers and men of science should act in the same unscientific and unphilosophical spirit is truly extraordinary. While proclaiming loudly that the only way to acquire knowledge is by observation of facts, by experiment, and by the formation of provisional hypotheses to serve as the basis for further experiment and more extended observation, they have yet, for many years, refused to accept any facts or experiments which go to prove the existence of recondite powers in the human mind, or the action of minds not in a visible body. They have ridiculed the idea of any effects being produced by the latter cause, and have repudiated as imposture or delusion all those which appear due to the former. To show that this is really the case, I have only to quote the names of such men as Dr. Esdaile, Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Lee, Dr. Ashburner, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Reichenbach, Dr. Herbert Mayo, Dr. Haddock, Mr. H. G. Atkinson, Miss Martineau, Professor De Morgan, William Howitt, Professor Hare, Professor Bush, Judge

Edmonds, Robert Dale Owen, and a host of others, who, for more than twenty years, have published detailed observations and experiments, which corroborate each other in a variety of details, and agree with many facts recorded throughout history; but which observations and experiments are all ignored or denied. There has never yet been a work written in this country, which has fairly grappled with the facts adduced. It has never yet been shown, why, *à priori*, they may not be true; it has never yet been explained, how, if not true, we are to account for the vast mass of direct testimony to them. The declaration so often made or implied, that facts witnessed thousands of times by honest and intelligent men, and thousands of times carefully examined to detect fraud or delusion which has never been discovered, cannot exist, because they imply a subversion of the laws of Nature, is a most weak and illogical objection, since all we know of the laws of Nature is derived from the observation of facts. No fact can possibly subvert the laws of Nature; and to declare that it does so is to declare that we have exhausted Nature, and know all her laws.

In the history of human progress, we look back in vain for a case parallel to the present one, in which the professed teachers of science have been right. The time-honoured names of Galileo, Harvey, and Jenner, are associated with the record of a blind opposition to new and important truths. Franklin and Young were laughed and sneered at for discoveries which seemed wild and absurd to their scientific contemporaries. Nearer to our own day, painless operations during mesmeric trance were again and again denounced as imposture; and the various phenomena of mesmerism, as due to collusion and fraud: yet both are now universally acknowledged to be genuine phenomena. Even such a question of pure science as the evidence of the antiquity of man has met with similar treatment till quite recently. Papers by good observers, recording facts since verified, were rejected by our scientific societies, as too absurd for publication; and careful researches now proved to be accurate were ignored, merely because they were opposed to the general belief of geologists.

It appears, then, that men of science are at least consistent in treating the phenomena of Spiritualism with contempt and derision. They have always done so with new and important discoveries; and, in every case in which the evidence has been even a tenth part of that now accumulated in favour of the phenomena of Spiritualism, they have *always been in the wrong*. It is, nevertheless, a curious psychological fact, that they do not learn by experience to detect a truth when it comes before them, or take any heed of the warnings of their greatest men against preconceived opinions as to what may, or may not, be true. Thus Humboldt declares, that "a presumptuous scepticism, which rejects facts without examination of their truth, is, in some

respects, more injurious than an unquestioning incredulity." Sir Humphry Davy warns them, that "one good experiment is of more value than the ingenuity of a brain like Newton's. Facts are more useful when they contradict, than when they support, received theories." And Sir John Herschel says, that "the perfect observer in any department of Nature will have his eyes open for any occurrence, *which, according to received theories, ought not to happen*; for these are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries." Yet in the present day, when so many things deemed absurd and impossible a few years ago have become every-day occurrences, and in direct opposition to the spirit of the advice of their most eminent teachers, a body of new and most remarkable phenomena is ignored or derided without examination, merely because, *according to received theories, such phenomena ought not to happen*.

The day will assuredly come when this will be quoted as the most striking instance on record of blind prejudice and unreasoning credulity.—*Year-Book of Spiritualism, 1871.*

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My darling, in the happier sphere,
My guide and guardian, there as here,
Come from your Home of tranquil bliss,
And let me feel an Angel's kiss,
See your sweet face, and hear your voice
Bidding my very Soul rejoice.
Disperse the gloom that saddens earth,
To day of death from day of birth :
Chase the dark clouds that hover o'er me,
And smooth the rugged path before me.

The ranks of friends are thinning fast !
The Future soon will be the Past !
Through the dark valley, dearest, lead
My wearied Soul, from earth-soil freed.
My Angel Guard, in good or ill,
Your shield and arms protect me still.
Teach me that boundless trust in God
Educes comfort from His rod :
Breathe in my ear the words that bless—
" I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS ! "

Who doubts the loving Master sends,
As mission-bearers, loving friends ?
Who doubts even happiest spirits yearn,
Awhile—with Hope—for Earth return,
To warn and help a struggling Soul—
To counsel, comfort, guide, console ?
Who doubts the Souls that cannot die
Will come, from Homes beyond the sky—
Angels—preferred before all others—
God-sent—to succour sisters, brothers ?

S. C. HALL.

February 10th, 1884.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A STATEMENT of Baron Hellenbach respecting the Vienna "Exposure" has been published in *Light*. It shows, as far as reasoning can go, that fraud was impossible. "The whole séance," the Baron says, "lasted twenty-two minutes. The first form appeared after five and a quarter minutes, and within the next ten minutes ten forms appeared, three of them within thirty seconds. These forms stepped out, some of them of gigantic, but all of proportional build, and the personation of them would have required a whole basketful of requisites of unknown construction."

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WE should rather think they would ! Baron Hellenbach's defence of Mr. Bastian against the charge of fraud is complete ; but he has fallen into some vexatious inaccuracies. He got in some way the idea that Mr. Bastian was "in a state of distress," and might be under the "temptation of indigence" ; but as he conclusively proves that fraud was impossible, we do not quite see what Mr. Bastian's poverty had to do with it, especially as the fraud he was charged with would have required a very costly as well as bulky apparatus. And the Princes of the House of Austria searched even to the medium's purse to find this apparatus ; perhaps also to see whether he was really under the "temptation of indigence." They left it as they found it, however, Mr. Bastian indignantly refusing the proffered fee.

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"But he was in his stocking-feet." That is quite true. Mr. Bastian is unhappily a bit of a dandy, and wishing to be quite *comme il faut* in the presence of royalty, he bought a new pair of dress boots, and a tight fit, which became so uncomfortable, that they threatened to hinder him from going into a trance ; so, safe behind the curtain of the improvised cabinet, he slipped them off. It is also true that, in the elaborate search that followed his seizure, Baron Hellenbach felt a slight fold under his shirt—the undershirt, or vest, commonly worn in England and America, but quite unknown, it appears, in Germany or Austria.

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As to the matter of distress, or the temptation of indigence, let us observe that Mr. Bastian, who comes of a thrifty race, has an

income from house property in Chicago, quite sufficient for his modest requirements, and is not in the least dependent upon mediumship; though he thinks it quite right that those who occupy his time should give him some compensation. Cured from any hankering he may have had for Royal Highnesses, we can only hope he will not be too much disgusted by Viennese ill-breeding to give to sincere inquirers after the truth the benefit of his very remarkable mediumship.

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THE "London Spiritualist Alliance," organised by "M. A. (Oxon)," has published its first list of members in *Light*, 101 names, eight more declining such publicity. Among them we observe a Duchess, a Countess, two Honourables, a Baron, a Baronet, an M.P., two clergymen, three doctors, and over forty ladies. It is proposed to hold a series of social meetings, beginning in May, which may probably enlarge the Alliance, and enable it to move on to its ulterior objects—whatever they may be.

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This "whatever" is quite unknown to us. Social enjoyment is a good thing—but with so much of the "outcast" and the "horrible" in the world, there seems to be a need for something more. Spiritualists, as a rule, and mediums, as much as others, seem selfishly content with their own knowledge, and take very little trouble to give it to others. It is a talent carefully wrapped up in a napkin. Now and then one may be anxious to impart to his friends the evidences of immortality which have filled him with peace and hope; but the greater number are like a lately deceased medium who, when a friend remonstrated with her for not using her extraordinary gifts, said, "Why should I trouble myself to convince people of the reality of a life beyond the grave? Won't they find it out soon enough?"

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No doubt—and that is a consolation. But is it not also well for us to know in this world what awaits us in the next?—to *know* that there *is* a next? Of all things, it seems to us the one best worth knowing. What other science has any such value? The whole universe of matter, force, and life, is infinitely more important to us when we know that it is to be ours forever: when we know that conscious being, thought and love, are not to sink into the abyss of annihilation. Then why not make a little effort

to give this knowledge to others? Precious things are not to keep for ourselves, but to give to those who need them.

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The circulation of life, and love, and joy, like the circulation of the blood in the body, comes from the principle of giving. The heart gives every moment, and receives that it may give—itself richly nourished thereby. So the brain and all nerve centres are forever giving as they receive. Suns pour out light and heat, whose elements doubtless return to them. And this is the law of the intellectual and moral world as well. It is the function of men and women to radiate health and happiness—light and love. The soul of every one is expanded and elevated by the knowledge of its own immortal destiny.

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When men know what they are, and are to be, is it likely that they will grovel in the filth and obscenities of the outcast and horrible desolations about us? The crude exhortations of Salvation Armies are better than nothing. They stir the sloughs of despond. If people can be roused out of their drunken stupors by blowing trumpets and beating drums, blow and beat by all means. March and shout; display uniforms and wave banners, if the world's ignorant outcasts can be attracted thereby to a higher and purer life. These things may be governed by the law of supply and demand; but every Spiritualist who knows the solid facts that demonstrate the immortality of man has, it seems to us, a clear, imperative, unmistakeable duty. And duty done brings every joy and blessing.

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Revue Spirite, Journal bi-mensuel d'Etudes Psychologiques, vigorously combats what it considers a fatal error of a correspondent who holds that spirit manifestations are miracles. The introduction of *miracle* into Spiritualism, it says, makes an impassable abyss between it and science. All modern science rests upon the postulate that one order reigns through nature, and there can be nothing opposed to or transcending this law. Of course the whole argument rests upon the meaning given to the word *miracle*. Spiritual manifestations are surely beyond the ordinary course of nature, or there would be no doubt and no marvel. Under the ordinary action of gravitation stones fall to the ground. If we saw them

remaining suspended in the air, or moving off toward the stars, it would be strange, wonderful, and, if we choose to use the word, miraculous.

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When a medium is seen raised by some unknown force from the ground, and carried up to the ceiling, about the room, or taken out of one window of a lofty building and brought into another, as testified of D. D. Home, by the Earls of Balcarres and Dunraven, and by scores of unimpeachable witnesses, why may we not use the word *miracle*, for a phenomenon so entirely beyond ordinary experience? The facts of Spiritualism are supernatural just in proportion as we limit the word *natural*. If we apply the word *natural* to every fact, however unusual or remarkable, of course we have no use for any words that signify the miraculous.

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The same number of *Revue Spirite* has an account of a test of spirit presence which would be more convincing to some—perhaps many persons—than a visible and tangible materialisation. At a séance with a clairvoyant and writing medium, an old dog was permitted to lie on the hearth, because the weather was cold and he seemed so comfortable by the fire. But when the clairvoyant medium began to describe the spirit of the deceased master of the dog, the animal raised his head, trembled, became excited, sprang up, barked, howled, tried to spring upon the table, and could not be quieted until the spirit retired. One might doubt the reality of the medium's clairvoyance, in spite of tests, but how is one to get over that of the poor dog?

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The *Secular Review*, which treats the matter of an after-life, or continuous existence, with much contempt and little philosophy, quotes the following passage from the "Essays" of Macaulay:—

"As to the question, What becomes of a man after death? we do not see that a highly-educated European, left to his unassisted reason, is more likely to be in the right than a Blackfoot Indian. Not a single one of the many sciences throws the smallest light on the state of the soul after life is extinct. In truth, all the philosophers, ancient and modern, who have attempted, without the aid of revelation, to prove the immortality of man, from Plato down to Franklin, appear to us to have failed deplorably."

No doubt they have, as must any reasoning which is not based on facts. "Revelation" is only the statement of certain facts

upon what is considered good authority. Principles, moral or mathematical, are self-evident, and require no proof. Immortality is a fact requiring observation or evidence, like any other. There are now millions of persons living in the world who have had entirely satisfying proofs that their friends, no longer in this life, still live. That is a fact which requires no argument.

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MISS ROSAMOND DALE-OWEN, grand-daughter of Robert Owen the philanthropist, and daughter of the late Hon. Robert Dale Owen, formerly United States Minister to Naples, and a well-known writer on Spiritualism, gave a lecture the other night at the *Eleusis* Democratic Club in Chelsea. It was chiefly a description of the Socialistic village founded by her grandfather and father at New-Harmony, Indiana, and was very clever, naïve, and delightful. It was brave as well, for though speaking to a Club largely composed of Secularists, with a small infusion of the Salvation Army, she did not blink the fact that she was a Spiritualist, that her father was one, and that her most intelligent and philanthropic grandfather, for the last seven years of his life, was consoled in all his disappointment by his knowledge of the facts of Spiritualism, and his perfect assurance that he should continue his work for humanity.

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A writer in *Light* thinks we were hardly just to Mr. EGLINTON, in writing of his séances with the Professors of Leipzig, without mentioning what he had done in the same way to convert eminent men of science in Sweden, Saxony, and Austria. No, we have not forgotten. The whole career of William Eglinton as a medium, in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, has to be written, and will be among the wonders of the future as well as of the present time. Mr. Eglinton is very orderly in his habits, and has, we believe, carefully preserved the materials for one of the most *wonderful* biographies ever written—and there are many indications in our current literature that there is a rapidly growing demand for the abundant supply. Many things indicate that we have entered upon a very strange and momentous period of human progress.

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Eglinton, as we learn from *Light*, has had one more triumphant testimony to the marvellous power of spirit manifestation in the solid, permanent form of direct writing. Mr. LILLIE, author of a

recent work on Buddhism, sitting alone with him, in the light, with a bit of pencil between two slates, heard the sound of writing, and found on one a communication *in Sanscrit*, the ancient language of the Hindoos, and that in which their sacred books are written. Sanscrit is a dead language in the East, like Greek and Latin in the West. Only a few scholars understand it. Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD, C. S. I., an accomplished Orientalist, has given the spirit of the faith and poetry of the East in his "Light of Asia," but it is doubtful if Mr. Eglinton knows Sanscrit even by sight.

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Here, then, is the quite tremendous character of this manifestation. In the presence of Mr. Eglinton some force, controlled by some intelligence that knows Sanscrit, was able to write a communication in that language in the narrow dark space between two slates! "Psychic Force" does not explain such an operation. Electricity is a force, if you please, but electricity cannot write Sanscrit. When we hear the "click-click" of the telegraph magnet, spelling words, and recording the price of cotton or stocks, we know that some intelligence directs the electric force. No *force* can write an intelligent message. We have in our possession messages in French, Italian, German, Hungarian, Latin, and Greek, written between two slates, or in utter darkness, in the presence of W. Eglinton.

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"Science is very clever," but science has no explanation for such facts, and therefore, as represented by such men as Tyndall, Huxley, etc., quietly ignores, or stupidly denies, the facts of everyday experience. What reliance can be placed upon a science that omits all facts for which it has not found a theory? Contempt is an all too mild feeling for such philosophy.

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A quarter of a mile from this writing is a second-hand book shop, with a display of cheap books and music in front. Now and then we feel an attraction that way, and find what pays us for going. Our latest find was the Journal of GEORGE FOX, founder of Quakerism, 1624-1690, period of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II.: a long and very busy life, with matter of interest to spiritualists and reformers, of which we hope to give some account in our next number.

Miracles of healing come from all quarters. The *Sheffield Independent* records one of a spinal disease which had made a lady a helpless cripple for sixteen years. Medical men declared her incurable. They said the lower part of the spine was dead, and that she would never walk again. She prayed one night for cure, and was able to walk down stairs next morning, and next day walked into town and attended a meeting at the Friends meeting-house. Of course the case has made a great excitement.

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Mrs. WELDON made some good points in her vindication of her sanity in the London law courts. Dr. Forbes Winslow, the hereditary mad doctor, as she called him, had certified to her insanity because she heard voices. "Was St. Paul insane?" she asked, and he did not venture to answer, because under existing statutes, he could be punished for blasphemy.

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Here is a curious dilemma. If you deny spiritual manifestations that are said to have occurred two or three thousand years ago, you can be sent a year to prison, deprived of all civil employments, and made incapable of holding any office or appointment, under the Act of William III. On the other hand, if you assert your knowledge of facts, now of daily occurrence all about us, you do it at the peril of being shut up in a lunatic asylum, under more recent legislation.

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Accounts of very striking materialisations of spirit forms reach us from San Francisco, California. Medium and spirits are seen together, and full forms are seen developing from vaporous clouds, and then slowly dematerialising, as have at times been seen in London. Mr. G. W. Lewis, in his very clear description in *The Offering*, says—"Both spirit and medium, and everything in the cabinet, were plainly and distinctly seen at the same time, and the objective reality of the formation and dissolution of the spirit body was beyond the possibility of a doubt."

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How these things are done is another matter. We do not know the how of anything. Our entire world is made up of phenomena. In some future stage of being we may hope to get at the real nature and causes of things. If we could do so here, the idea of

annihilation might not be so repugnant. We desire to live on that we may *know* not only facts, but causes.

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The recent fights with the Arabs of the Soudan have shown that at close quarters a short sword or a bowie knife would be better than the bayonet. But what a disgusting thing it is to discuss methods of human butchery! Surely it is about time to get rid of such savagery. Of course there are various feelings and opinions about these fights. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Sir J. W. Pease, Mr. Richard, Mr. Cowen, and Mr. Labouchere, denounce them in the House of Commons as wanton and wicked butcheries; while the Rev. Donald M'Leod, editor of *Good Words*, glorifies them in his Glasgow church, and invites choir and congregation to join in singing "God save the Queen!"

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Mr. FOOTE, recently released from a year's imprisonment in Holloway Jail for blasphemy, says that he and his fellow-blasphemers "were subjected to the treatment of felons," and that his experience of our gaol system was, that it was "a well organised imbecility, which degraded men to the level of brutes." That being the case, the question naturally arises whether Mr. Foote, in his lecture or otherwise, has shown evidence of such degradation.

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Mr. JUSTICE STEPHEN, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, clearly proves that any person who, in the most refined and delicate language, controverts the truth of the Bible, is liable to be punished for blasphemous libel—quite as much as those who do so with ribald indecency. Rénan or Matthew Arnold, or their publishers, are in the same boat with Mr. Foote or the audacious "Saladin." The Statute of William III. is unrepealed, and can any day be put in force against the daintiest as well as the rudest Agnostic—against Huxley and Tyndall as well as Watts or Bradlaugh. Every number of the *National Reformer* or *Secular Review* is liable to prosecution.